

Daily Kentuckian

Published Every Morning Except
Monday by
CHAS. M. MEACHAM

Editor, Chas. M. Meacham,
H. A. Robinson, Asst. Editor.

Entered at the Hopkinsville Post-
office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Established as Hopkinsville Conserva-
tive in 1866. Succeeded by Hop-
kinsville Democrat 1876. Published
as the South Kentuckian 1879 to
1889. From 1889 to 1917 as tri-
weekly Kentuckian.

Fifty-second Year of Publication.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year by mail..... \$3.00
One year by carrier..... 5.00
Shorter terms at same proportionate
rates.

Advertising Rates on Application

212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

WATCH THE DATE—After your
name, renew promptly, and not miss
a number. The Postal regulations
require subscriptions to be paid in
advance.



This paper has enlisted
with the government in the
cause of America for the
period of the war.....

OUR SERVICE FLAG

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusiv-
ely entitled to the use for republica-
tion of all news dispatches credited
to it or not otherwise credited in this
paper and also the local news pub-
lished herein. All rights of republica-
tion of special dispatches herein are
also reserved.

The Webster county wool pool
brought \$7,000.

Wm. Bruse, county agent of
Franklin, Ky., has enlisted in the
navy.

Daviess county added 180 and Web-
ster 174 men to class one by reclas-
sification.

Mollie Ventress, a negro woman
in Hopkins county, has five sons in
the army.

Gen. Pershing's brother, James F.
Pershing, will lecture in Evansville
Saturday night for the Redpath Chau-
taqua.

A hot contest for the democratic
nomination for senator is on in Mis-
souri between former Governor Jos.
W. Folk and Senator Willey, the suc-
cessor by appointment of Senator
Stone, who is backed by the State
administration.

Worth Bagley Daniels, son of the
secretary of the navy, entered the
naval academy as a midshipman yester-
day. Young Daniels is 18 years
old and was appointed by Senator
Overman of North Carolina. He is
an enlisted man in the naval reserves.

Czecho-Slovak forces in eastern Si-
beria have extended their sphere of
influence up the Amur river to Niko-
layevsk, an important naval station.
The defeated bolshevik troops, with
their Austrian-German allies, are
said to have retired toward Khabar-
ovsk, the capitol of the maritime pro-
vince.

Germany will send three army
corps to the aid of Austria, accord-
ing to a Rome dispatch. These will
be put under the direct orders of Gen.
Otto von Below, the commander-in-
chief on the Italian front, and will
be assigned to the Alps sectors, it is
stated. The Trentino railroads will
be used exclusively for the German
troops. It is said that German reg-
iments will be detailed to other points
on the front to support the Austrian
troops.

Since the last German offensive,
notwithstanding the absence of ac-
tions on a large scale, says a semi-of-
ficial statement, the French troops
have harassed the enemy by minor
operations, improved their positions
and captured numerous prisoners.
Since June 15 the number of prison-
ers taken with the co-operation of
the Americans, who especially dis-
tinguished themselves at Belleau
wood and Vaux, is 5,400, including
90 officers.

**HERE'S WHAT YOU DO WHEN
YOU BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS**

A single Thrift Stamp (25 cents)
will pay for a soldier's identification
tag, which may save him from an un-
known grave. Two (50 cents) will
buy a trench-digging tool which may
save his life.

One War Savings Stamp (\$4.16)
enables U. S. to buy a pair of shoes
or a flannel shirt or a steel helmet
which may save a soldier's life.

One War Savings Stamp (\$4.16)
will feed a soldier or sailor for a
week or buy the gasoline for an hour
flight of an airplane.

Three stamps pay for an overcoat
or a gas mask.

One War Certificate filled with 20
stamps (\$83.20) will feed the entire
crew of one of our torpedo-boat de-
stroyers on the day they catch a sub-
marine.

What Your W. S. Stamps Do to the
Kaiser.

Each \$4.16 stamp will send him 100
rifle bullets.

Four stamps will manufacture a
rifle for one of our boys.

One Certificate filled with 20
stamps each (\$83.20) will pay for
two depth bombs to sink a subma-
rine.

Ten Certificates filled with 20
stamps each (\$832.32) will feed the
entire crew of a torpedo-boat destroy-
er while conveying to Europe a trans-
port loaded with our boys.

KNOCKING THE WEED.

An anti-tobacco crusader who is
urging people not to send cigarettes
to our soldiers says the President
Wilson does not smoke. Neither
does Col. Roosevelt nor Ex-President
Taft.

But what does that prove? Noth-
ing, except that they prefer not to
smoke. Other presidents—notably
Grant and Andrew Jackson—were
great smokers.

The crusader points to Jess Wil-
lard as a non-smoker, but that other
worthy pugilist John L. Sullivan was
a heavy consumer of tobacco.

Ex-Senator Depew, who is eighty-
three, eschews the chew as well as
the pipe, but Uncle Joe Cannon is
never without a cigar.

It is said the Carlyle and Tenny-
son, the first time they met, sat to-
gether for two hours and never said
a word, each smoking a pipe and
each declaring at the end of the vis-
it it was the most delightful either
ever experienced.

Napoleon didn't smoke, but the
most powerful man in the century
following Napoleon was Bismarck,
and he rarely stopped smoking.

America's foremost banker of the
past generation was J. Pierpont Mor-
gan, and his pet brand of cigars were
world-renowned.

Philadelphia's distinguished pub-
lisher, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, is never
without his gold case filled with big
black cigars.

Of course, you can easily smoke
too much—thousands of men do it.
Many a man and woman also has
died from eating too much.

Physical exercises is recommended
for all, but I can name athletes who
took off years of their lives by too
much exercise.

Fresh air is a life giver, but sit in
a draft and you court pneumonia.

I fancy that all the cigarettes that
any soldier in the trench will ever
get will not shorten his life by a
fraction of an hour.

When a child is drowning is no
time to argue with it about the pe-
rils of going too near the water. You
first save the child.

So it is a bit rough on our Sam-
mies in khaki to enforce an anti-
smoke law upon them while they
stand between you and Prussian
nerfdom.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA****SOW TURNIPS NOW**

We have both

Seven Top Strap Leaf

and

Purple Top Strap Leaf

—

CAYCE-YOST CO.

Incorporated.

OBJECTORS CONVICTED.

Sentences of from ten to fifteen
years were meted out to five con-
scientious objectors at Camp Zachary
Taylor. One conscientious objector,
a negro, escaped the penalty recom-
mended on a technicality. In all proba-
bility a training school for army
nurses will be established at the
camp at an early date.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA****Tom's Sort
of Girl**

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure News-
paper Syndicate.)

"It isn't so much the fact that she's
a cabaret singer or even that Tom was
deceiving me—but she simply wouldn't
be Tom's sort of girl. They'd be sure
to be unhappy." This is what Tom
Rawdon's substantial older sister said
when she first suspected that, while
Tom had told her he was going to
marry one kind of girl, as a matter
of fact he was going to marry another
kind of girl.

The sister's informer was Pete
Brevier, one of Tom's old pals from
the town where he and the sister both
made their home. The young man had
made a hurried trip to the big city and
there had met Tom and "his girl," and
suspecting nothing irregular had come
back blurring out to the sister that he
had met "Tom and that pretty little
cabaret singer that Tom was going to
marry."

In the meantime for some weeks
Tom's letters to his sister had oc-
casional references to the stenographer
at his office—Miss Remson—whom he
hoped some day to make his wife. "I
hope you aren't going to raise a rum-
pus because she isn't a girl of leisure,"
Tom wrote home, knowing perfectly
well his older sister's ability to raise a
rumor when things didn't go to suit
her ideas. "Miss Remson is as fine a
woman as I ever met. She came to
this office as a stenographer a week or
so after I did, and though she hasn't
had exactly the same bringing up that
you have, you are sure to like her."

Tom's sister had thoroughly ap-
proved, in fact, she was so sure, be-
fore Tom wrote this, that Tom would
be inclined to choose what she chose
to call "some scatter-brained little girl
with her head in her heels," that the
news that he was to marry a girl who
was serious enough to be a stenogra-
pher came as a relief.

Then came the confirmation of what
she had always suspected. He had ac-
tually introduced a cabaret dancer at
his dance, and of course a cabaret
dancer was a scatter-brained little girl
with her head in her heels. How could
she be anything else if she was a pro-
fessional dancer?

The sister spared no time in packing
the few duds she considered necessary
for such a mission, making her hus-
band assure her that he would be quite
happy during her absence and going
off to the big city to "raise a rum-
pus."

She didn't even write to her brother
that she was coming, but after she did



get in about five o'clock one evening
telephoned to his office and announced,
in a voice so cordial that it gave no
warning of her suspicion and inten-
tion, that she was there.

"Meet you for dinner? Why, of
course I will," Tom Rawdon said to
the sister over the phone. "I had asked
little Miss Remson—Madge Remson—
to have dinner with me. You won't
mind having her, will you?"

"Miss Remson—Madge Remson?"
The sister's voice was growing less
cordial. "I don't seem to remember
Miss Remson."

"I wrote you about it," Tom laughed.
"She is working here as a stenogra-
pher—that's how I met her and—"

"Oh, the stenographer," purred the
sister's voice. "I should be delighted.
Where shall I meet you?"

"Madge dines early," said Tom, "so
we were figuring on six o'clock. I'll
come right over to you at your home
and she can have time to run home
and doll up and then meet us at the
hotel. We can dine there as well as
anywhere, and that will be more con-
venient for you."

Madge left early and that gave
Tom's sister an opportunity to make
the first of the little sisterly speeches
that she felt it her duty to deliver.

"She is a perfectly splendid girl,
Tom," she began. "I'm entirely sat-
isfied. She will be a credit to the family.
I'm a keen judge of women and I can
guarantee that."

"I had hoped you would like her,"
interjected Tom, who was always a little

himself. "Who the deuce was she go-
ing to dinner with, anyway?"

When Jean left him she went direct-
ly to a nearby lunch counter, where
she dined in state with—herself. But
Waring did not know that. He passed
an uneventful and very unpleasant
evening by himself and finally came to
the conclusion that matrimony was a
deep problem to be carefully consid-
ered. And he wondered what Jean
Coleman knew about being in love,
anyway—evidently something.

He determined to see the thing
through honestly, however, and wearily
wrote to and interviewed a few more
applicants. At the end of that time
he was sure of two things—he did not
want to marry any of the women he
had seen, but he did want to marry
Jean Coleman. He began to wonder
why he had not found it out before.
She probably wouldn't look at him
now that he had made such an idiot
of himself. He was glad he hadn't
told anyone else but her, anyway—he
wasn't proud of his venture.

The door bell rang penetratingly and
he groaned hopelessly. Nevertheless,
he was resigned, and when his land-
lady, Mrs. Morley, ushered in a veiled,
slight little woman in a dark suit, he
was prepared for the worst.

"I saw your advertisement in the
paper," she began in a clear, strangely
familiar voice.

"I regret to say I'm no longer in the
market," he put in hurriedly, before
she had a chance to say anything
more.

"Oh, I didn't come to apply," she
assured him hastily. "I only came to
tell you you're all wrong about get-
ting a wife this way. I thought maybe
you didn't have anyone to advise you.
I'm very old—her voice belied the
word—and I thought I might save
you from doing something foolish.
Please don't marry in haste—you'll
surely meet someone some day who
will make your waiting worth while.
You can't just make yourself love peo-
ple, you know, even if you are mar-
ried, and you mustn't make such a
dreadful mistake and ruin your life.
Even if you are going away, don't
jump into marriage hastily—please be-
lieve what I say."

In her earnestness and excitement
the woman had quite forgotten her-
self. She was actually pleading with
him to save himself, and he was listen-
ing, fascinated to what she had to say.
When she had finished she stood with
her hands pressed together, and he
could feel that she was looking at him
through the still lowered veil. Sudden-
ly she seemed to recall herself and,
with a quick movement, walked to-
wards the door. Waring sprang after
her and seized her by the arm.

"Let me go!" she commanded him.
"I must go at once. I only came be-
cause I thought I might help you—I
don't want anyone to see my face."

"I must," she insisted, and before she
had a chance to struggle further, he
threw the heavy veil back from her
hat. Then he stood transfixed.

"Jean!" he cried, and gazed into a
flushed and tear-stained face. "I might
have known it was you; no one else
could be so wonderful," he added, still
devouring her with his eyes.

"I never meant you to know," she
said, sinking into the first chair, "but
I couldn't bear to have you marry one
of those applicants—it was too much.
I never thought you'd be so rude and
lift my veil—it was foolish of me to
come—please let me go now."

"I'm going to take you home,"
he said, not until I know who you went
out to dinner with on Thursday. I've
thought about it ever since."

"No one at all."

"Thank goodness! I want to know
if you will go out to dinner with me
tomorrow night, and every night after
that for the rest of your life! I love
you—I have for a long time, but I
didn't know it and was coming to tell
you about it tomorrow. I've been a
fool but I'll promise to be wiser after
this if you'll take me."

"I was kneeling beside her now,
and both her hands were in his.

"Oh, I do love you," said Jean, soft-
ly. "Better than anyone in the world,
and if you approve of me really, I'll
answer your advertisement tonight.
You're right sure I'll do it."

"So sure that we'll go out now and
have our first dinner!"
And together they ran hand in hand
down the stairs, laughing as they
went.

Varieties of Spruce.

There are about 15 varieties of
spruce, of which the Sitka spruce is
the most valuable. Norway spruce,
the commonest, so-called because it
forms the chief lumber supply of Nor-
way, is also found in middle Europe
and in Siberia. Sitka spruce grows on
the Pacific coast from northern Cali-
fornia to Alaska; it is only found in
coast regions, never inland. It grows
easily to 150 feet in height, and fre-
quently to more than 300 feet with a
diameter of seven or eight feet at 100
feet from the base. In the islands of
southeastern Alaska trees have been
noted more than 300 feet tall and 25
feet in diameter four or five feet from
the base.

Shot at a Venture.

When the result of a certain horse
race reached an English village vil-
lage, one of the colliers remarked to
his chum: "Ah've made a nice little
dinner out of that race, and by sheer
luck, too. Ah chalked all t' names o' t'
horses on a revolving target, an' took
it into a field and got my own
woman to shoot an arrow at it while
it was spinning." "An' it stuck into
the winner, did it?" asked his friend.
"No, it didn't," said the collier. "It
stuck into a nice fat duck that was
waddling along at t' side o' t' field,
and we had it for dinner today. We
eate an' colliers!"

**"ADIENDIO TONIC"
Says Hixson
tor's Advice, Is
And Is Now Well**

Hixson, Tenn.—"About 16 years ago
I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of
this place. "I suffered with a pain in
my left side, could not sleep at night
with this pain, always in the left
side..."

My doctor told me to use Cardul. I
took one bottle, which helped me and
after my baby came, I was stronger
and better, but the pain was still
there.

I at first let it go, but began to get
weak and in a run-down condition,
so I decided to try some more Cardul,
which I did.

This last Cardul which I took made
me much better, in fact, cured me. It
has been a number of years, still I
have no return of this trouble.

I feel it was Cardul that cured me,
and I recommend it as a splendid fe-
male tonic.

Don't allow yourself to become
weak and run-down from womanly
troubles. Take Cardul. It should sur-
ely help you, as it has so many thou-
sands of other women in the past 40
years. Headache, backache, dizziness,
nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out
feeling, are all signs of womanly trou-
ble. Other women get relief by taking
Cardul. Why not you? All druggists.
NO-122

(Advertisement)

THE MARKET BASKET.

(Prices at Retail.)

Breakfast bacon, pound.....	55c
Butter per pound.....	50c
Eggs per dozen.....	35c
Bacon, extras, pound.....	38c
Country hams, large, pound.....	35c
Country hams, small, pound.....	37 1/2c
Lard, pure leaf, pound.....	35c
Lard, 50 lb. tins.....	\$14.50
Lard, compound, pound.....	30c
Cabbage, per pound.....	5c
Irish potatoes.....	60 cents peck
Lemons, per dozen.....	40c
Cheese, cream, per lb.....	40c
Sweet potatoes.....	60c per peck
Cornmeal, bushel.....	\$2.60
Oranges, per per dozen 60c to 75c	
Cooking apples, per peck.....	60c
Onions, per pound.....	5c
Flour, 24-lb sack.....	\$1.75
avy beans, pound.....	18c
Black-eyed peas, pound.....	15c
Black-eyed peas, pound.....	12 1/2c

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

J. C. Atkinson

**Wear
HARDWICK'S
Glasses**

PROFESSIONALS

DR. J. R. HILL

VETERINARY SURGEON

Office Percy Smithson's Stable.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Day Phone 32. Night 1107 2

R. T. JETT, D. V. M.

--VETERINARIAN--

7th and Railroad Sta.

Office,

Cowherd & Altscheler Sale Barn.

Phone 19. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Hotel Latham

Barber Shop

Fine Bath Rooms. Four First-
class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, PROP.

Electric Heater

" Iron

" Machine Motor

" Stove

" Vacuum Cleaner

" Portable

" Fixtures

" Curling Iron

" Hot Pad

" Lights FOR Home

Telephone 381-2
Baugh Electric Co.

**Radford & Johnson
REAL ESTATE**

* counties. * farms in Christian and adjoin-
will know the farm lands of this community.
you a nil best to sell you a good farm or will sell
We have use and lot in the city.
for sale. Price several attractive farms in our hand.

265 acres 14 miles from town. Well im-
proved and well watered. Air view on rural route. Well im-
bargain at \$10,000.00. Term 70 acres fine bottom land. A

215 acres 4 miles south of town. Well im-
proved and well watered. Air view on rural route. Well im-
bargain at \$10,000.00. Term 70 acres fine bottom land. A

Pike, Land lies well, good improvement on Main Street
good home in fine community. A nice showy place.

Come to see us and we will show you something
interesting.

Office: Pennyroyal Building

**We
Handle
Dental Creams
and
Tooth Brushes
that Encourage
Healthful
Habits**

Don't Neglect Your Teeth a Day

Every person—young and old—should ac-
quire the habit of brushing the teeth daily.

Parents can do their children a lifetime
favor by encouraging the proper use of the
tooth brush until it becomes a regular habit.

The best and easiest way to acquire this
habit for both parent and child—is to use a
tooth dentifrice.